Bayard Taylor in Southern Europe

No. LIII.

A CRETAN JOURNEY. RHITHYMNOS, Island of Crete. Saturday, Feb. 20, 1868.

My plan of travel, on leaving Khania, was to visit the wild mountain region of Sfakia, which hos Beyond the White Mountains, in the southwestern corner of the island. This district bears a similar relation to the rest of Crete, as that of Malua does to Greece, being inhabited by a savage remount of the ancient race, who, until within a very few years, have maintained a virtual independence. It in such cat of the way corners that the physical obaracteristics of the original stock must now be looked for. I have long believed that some rills of Hellenie blood must still continue to flow on the ancient soil, untouched by those Slavonic and Ottoman imundations which have well nigh washed it out of the modern race. I was quite sure that in Sfakia, where a dialect, conjectured to be the old Cretan-Deric, is still spoken, I should find the legitimate stock—the common, not the heroic type, preserved abnest intact. The passes of the White Mountains are difficult at all seasons, and I ascertained that the zyloscale, or " wooden ladder," by which I had intended to reach that district, was not to be reached on account of the snow; but there is mother road around the eastern base of the moun-Soine, and I determined to try it.

The Pashs endeavored to dissuade me from the attempt. "The roads in Crete," said he, "are absolutely frightful; and though, as a traveler, you most be prepared for any experience, yet, when the season is bad, they become quite impassable, even to the natives. I have had a carriage-road surveyed and located from here to Heracleon, and a small portion of it is already finished, near Rhithymnos; but the people oppose it with all their might, and at least five or six years must clapse before enough is done to demonstrate to them the use and value of such improvements. I am satisfied that Turkey will never advance until she has means of communication sufficient to make her internal resources available. This is the first step toward the pegeneration of the Orient-and the only first step h the path of true progress. The power and civil hation of Europe rest on this foundation." There is great truth in these remarks, and I wish I had time to give you a sketch of the Pasha's views on the Oriental question. They disclosed an enlightened and practical mind, the rarest apparition smeng the Governors of the East.

At last, on the morning of our departure, the Pasha sent me Captain Nikephore, a dashing Bfakiete chieftain, who was ordered to accompany be through the territory, as guide and guard. He was a tall, bandsome fellow, with fiery black eyes, raven bair and mustsche, and an eagle's beak of a nose. A pair of long, silver-mounted pistols, and a ystaghan, with a silver hilt and scabbard, adorned his belt. Hadji Bey wore his blue uniform and paber, and was mounted on a sturdy gray horse; The chief muleteer, Anagnosti, who was chosen for us by the Consul's dragoman, as an honest and skillful man (and whom we have just discharged as the very opposite), was also mounted, so that, with our two baggage-mules, we made quite respectable caravan. The Consul, who had hospitably entertained us during our stay, accompanied to the gates of Khania, and we set off on our first Cretan journey, in the midst of a soft, thick rain.

The read to Suda, four miles, is a broad, carringeable way, leading through the rich plain of Khapia. Peasants were busy plowing the mellow. dark-sed loam. Vineyards, olive orchards and wheat-fields succeeded each other, and the flourishing villages on the lower slopes of the mountains on our right, shimmered through the gray veil of the falling showers. Suds is a deep, beautiful bay, epen only toward the north-east, where an old Venetian fortress, on a rocky island, commands its mouth. The ground at its head is marshy, and near the shore there are salt pans. Vely Pasha, however, has the intention of draining these marshes and building up a town on the spot. A better situs-

tion, in fact, could scarcely be found on the island. Our read followed the shore for a short distance, and then began to climb the base of Mount Malaxa, which towered far above us, its summit wrapped in clouds. This is probably the ancient Berecynthus, the scene of the Idean Dactyle, where fire was first brought down from heaven, and metal forged. Antiquaries are divided in opinion, some affirming that the mountain is of calcareous rock (which it certainly is)-others that it is schistose, and may therefore contain veins of metal. I do not see that this question is of much importance. All mythe and a location, of course, and in the days when they formed a part of the prevalent re-Egion, men were not in the habit of testing them by inquiry and research. Malaxa corresponds, geographically, with the position of Berecynthus, and we need not trouble our heads about the rest. Clumps of myrtle and oleander filled the glens, and the mastic shrub, sage and wild thyme covered the stony shoulders of the hills. We still plodded on in the rain, passing here and there a ruined keep, climbing socky ladders, or slipping on the polished surface of an old road, where the stones had been laid together in some sort of ordes. After three hours, when we were all tolerably wet, cold and hungry, we crossed the crest of the shore hills and came spon the broad table-land of Apokorona, at the castern base of the White Mountains. Cheered by the hope of soon reaching our destination-a monsetery at Paleokastron, on the site of Aptera-we barried on to a little village. The people crowded to the doors to see us and give us directions. "Good day, palikar" said a woman whom I greeted. The men, all of whom had very cheerful and friendly faces, accompanied us a little distance to point out the road, and tore down the stone fences for our mules, that we might find a shorter way across their fields.

picture of fertility and cultivation. Wheat-fields. divided by stone fences, and dotted with clumps of clive-trees, stretched as far as the eve could reach. In half an hour we reached some of the rains of Aptera. Hewn blocks, among them fragments of small Doric pillars, were scattered over the soil, and along the highest part of the hill ran a low wall of square stones. A little further was the menastery, a massive square stone building, standing in the midst of some ruins of the Roman time. The piace is a metôkhi, or branch, of the Monastery of St. John, on Patmos. It is occupied only by one priest, a married man, who rents from the Government a large tract of the land lying round about it, for 12,000 plastres (\$500) a year. He received us in the court, ushered us into a small, leaky room, and in due time we procure! a meal of eggs fried in oil, fresh cheese-curds and eparse but good bread. Notwithstanding Lent had commexced, the priest was willing to firmish heretics with the means to break it, for a considera-

The plain of Apokorons presented a pleasant

tion. We tried to dry our sealed garmente over a brasier of coals, and gave up all hopes of pro ceeding further that day.

Apters (Wingless) derives its name from the cembat between the Sirens and the Muces, wherein the former were stripped of their wings, and plunging into the ses, became the rocks of Leucæ, which lie in the mouth of the Bay of Suda. The ru as near the convent are those of cisterns, undoubtedly of Reman construction. One of them is nearly 150 feet long, with a branch at right angles. Another is a triple vault, in a nearly perfect state, its walls of division resting on four arches of cut stone. On inquiring for the Cyclopean walls, the priest said they were further to the eastward. Captain Nikephoro put on his thick canote to keep off the rain, and accompanied us. Along the brow of the mountain, for the distance of nearly half a mile (which was as far as we traced it), runs a polygonal wall, composed of huge undressed masses of rock. Its bread h is seven feet, and its greatest hight twelve, the upper portion having been either thrown down or carried off. The masonry, though massive, is rude, and evidently belongs to the earliest period.

In the evening a number of peasants came in with coms, Greek, Reman and Venetian, some of which I bought. Among them were some autonomous coins of Apters, with a bee on the obverse. The most of them, however, were illegible, and held by their finders at prices far above their real value. We occupied the priest's bed for the night, which was a raised platform across the dry end of the room. The sacerdotal fleas were as voracious as Copuchin friars, and though they were distributed over four persons instead of two, they murdered sleep none the less. Next morning the rain continued, but after a long consultation and much delay, we set out for Rhitbymaos. Riding over the plain for an hour or more, through fine old orchards, we reached a new khan about the breakfast hour. A priest and some wayfarers were within, smcking their narghilebs and drinking the pile-red Cretan wine. In Crete the wine is not resided, as in Greece, and we can therefore get at its natural Savor, which is fully equal to that of the ordinary wines of Spain. I much prefer it to the renowned wine of Cyprus, notwithstanding Mrs. Browning's Bacchic prean to the latter. In Greece the wine was no doubt resinous in ancient times. By adding the raw resin-which is collected by tapping the pine trees-it is not only more easily preserved, but may be increased by the addition of water. Ic is a most wholesome beverage, but the flavor, to an unaccustomed palate, is horrible.

In front of the khan a silvery waterfall gleamed through the clive trees, and Braisted and I walked thither, accompanied by the faithful Sfakiote, who never allowed us to get out of his sight. The place reminded me of the sources of the Jordan, at Banias. A stream large enough to drive a cotton mill gushed out of the earth at the foot of a mass of rocks, fell over a mossy dam, and rushed away through the meadows toward the sea. Nikephoro informed me, however, that it dries up in Summer. Our road, for some distance after leaving the khan, was a mere scrambling track over stony ridges, im passable for anything except the sure-footed Cretin mules. Our course was a remarkably tortuous one, winding hither and thither without any regard to the direction we should go. We at last discovered that Ausgnost, was as ignorant as he was lazy, and did not know the road. François thereupon took fire with his usual readiness, and we had a storm of Greek epithets. "I have always heard," said he, "that the Cretan Turks were scamps, but now I see that it is the Cretan Christians who are so. St. Paul told the truth about this lying race."

After a while we reached an o'd monastery, near a village called Karidi (The Nut), on a hill over looking the interior valleys. The houses were ruinous and half deserted, but the orange, olive and earob trees were of fine growth, and the barley fields of unusual richness. In another hour we came upon a village called Expolis, on the brow of a steep hill, overlooking the valley of Armyro. A dreary rain was setting in, and Hadji Bey declared that it was impossible to reach the next place before dark; so we took up our quarters in chief of the village. It was a but of stones and mud, without a window, and with a roof through which the rain leaked in little streams; but it was at least a little better than out of doors. There were much better houses in the village, but all were reofless and in ruins. Captain Nikephoro accompanied us to a Turkish tower of hewn stone, whence we had a striking view of the wild valley below. Hadji Bey lodged in the cafe, a dark, windowless hut, where they gave us cups of burnt barley for coffee. Some Mussulmans and Christians were within, dis puting violently, in loud, screaming voices. The Cretans are the most argumentative people in the world. We cannot ask the simplest question without getting a different opinion from every bystander, and thereupon ensues a discussion, in which everybody is edified except ourselves. The people informed us that they had had snow and rain for a hundred days previous-a thing unheardof in the island. Many of the oldest olive trees, as we had occasion to notice, had been broken down by the weight of the snow upon their timbs, and a great number of sheep and goats had perished.

The captain was probably the richest man in the village. His wealth consisted of a field of barley, four sheep, five goats, four pigs and an ass. He was about seventy years old, had a gray beard, but his youngest child was only five. Both he and his wife exhibited a landable curiosity to learn the customs of the eklambrotati (Their Brilliancies!) the basilikoi anthropoi (Royal Men), who had honored his but with their presences. They took care to be on hand when we undressed, and they came and went so frequently during the night as to disturb our rest materially, but I discovered an evidence of their attention in the morning, on finding that I was covered with various dirty garments, placed under the boles in the roof, to intercept the droppings. In the morning the woman came up to me, suddenly fell upon her knees, kissed my muddy boots, and then arese and kissed my hand, before I fairly noticed what she was about. I gave little Levteri, who sat in the chimney-corner, a piece of money, whereupon he did the same thing, and his mother said: "May God permit you to enjoy your

sovereignty many years ! This morning when we arose it was still raining, slowly, steadily, dismaily. It was evident that we must renounce allhope of visiting Sfakia, for in such weather the single read into that region was already impassable. We therefore discharged Captain Nikephore, who had been detailed for this special service, parting with the splendid fellow with gensine regret. Hadji Bey, also, was disinclined to set out. It was quite natural that he should wish to make things as easy as possible; he was traveling for our pleasure, not his own. However, I

the mules were packed in spite of Anagnosti's curses, and we set out. Descending the hill by a frightful path, alternate rock and quagaire, we reached the river of Armyro. The remains of an old Venetian fortress are upon its banks, and a short distance further a Turkish castle, mosque and khan, dismantled and descried. Even here, on the sea-level, the snow had made great have among the clive trees. Finally, we emerged upon the sesshore, where the sand and pebbles made better feeting for our mules, but the north-east wind, laden with rain, swept upon us with full force. Hadji Bey and the muleteers were in constant slarm during this part of our journey, assuring us that the Sfakiotes, who live during the Winter in the neighboring village of Dramia, frequently pounce upon and plunder travelers. "But you need not be afraid of them on such a dey as this. I suggested. "Oh, this is just the weather they choose for their attacks." said the Bey. By the shore large timbers had been collected, for the purpose, we were told, of building a mud machine for the port of Khania. At last we struck the hitleagain, which here thrust out a boid, rocky promontory. the base of which the sea has gnawed into a thou-

sand fantastic forms. After scrambling for some time over the insteps of the hills, we reached a tremendous gorge, cleft into their very beart, down the bottom of which rushed a rapid stream. Near the sea were the abutments of a massive sloping bridge, the area of which was entirely gone. It had the appearance of having been overthrown by an earthquake, and Hadji Bey informed me that it was entire enly sixty years ago. We were now upon the track of an ancient road, fragments of the pavement of which we saw in places. The gorge was inclosed by precipices of blue limestone rock, whose fronts were stained with bright orange-colored oxydations. In color and outline the picture was superb. The geological formation of Crete is a continuation of that of the mainland of Greece, the rock being principally the same palembino, or deve-colored

limestone. Our road beyond this was the next thing to im practicable. The rock, channeled and honeycombed everywhere by the action of water, was worn into s series of deep holes, filled with soft mud, in and out of which our mules plunged. On every headland stood a ruined watch-tower, of the Venetian or Turkish times. After more than two hours of this travel, we caught sight of the fortress of Rhithymnos, crowning a projecting cape some distance ahead. Two minarets and a palm-tree, rising above the gray houses of the town, relieved the view a little, but had it been ten times more dismal, the sight would have been a welcome one to us, in our cold, sore and hungry condition. Soon afterward, we came to a very wild and deep ravine. panned by a bridge of a double row of arches, one above the other-undoubtedly a Roman work. We sow struck upon the new road, which fully justified Vely Pasha's description. It was a broad, solid, substantial. English highway, even better than the wants of the island demand. Two or three hundred men were at work, hauling the broken stone in hand-cars, or breaking them in the shelter of natural caves in the side of the hill. We pressed in, passed the village of lepers, whose houses are stuck like swallows' nests in the interstices of a solitary mass of rock, and at length entered the town by a long, low, gloomy gate.

MAZZINI AND NAPOLEON.

M. Mazzini has recently addressed a letter to the French Emperor, which, in a literary point of view, must hold, perhaps, the first place among his productions. There are but few traces left of that false sublimity, puffy grandeur, verbosity and prophetic mysticism so characteristic of many of his writings, and almost forming the distinctive features of that school of Italian literature of which he is the founder. An enlargement of views is also perceptible. He has, till now, figured as the chief of the Republican formalists of Europe. Exclusively bent on the political forms of the State, they have had no eye for the organization of society on which the political superstructure rests. Boasting of a false idealism, they have considered it beneath their dignity to become acquainted with economical realities. Nothing is easier than to be an idealist on behalf of other people. A surfeited man may easily sneer at the materialism of hungry people arking for vulgar bread instead of sublime ideas. The Triumvirs of the Roman Republic of 1848. leaving the peasants of the Campagna in a state of slavery more exasperating than that of their ancestors of the times of imperial Rorae, were quite welcome to descant on the degraded state of the

All real progress in the writing of modern history has been effected by descending from the political surface into the depths of social life. Dureau de Lamalle, in tracing the different phases of the development of landed property in ancient Rome. has afforded a key to the destinies of that worldconquering city, beside which Montesquieu's considerations on its greatness and decline appear almost like a schoolboy's declamation. The venerable Lelewel, by his laborious research into the economical circumstances which transformed the Polish peasant from a free man into a serf, has done more to shed light on the subjugation of his country than the whole host of writers whose stock in trade is simple denunciation of Russia. M. Mazzini, too, does not now disdain to dwell on social realities, the interests of the different classes, the exports and imports, the prices of necessaries, houserent, and other such vulgar things, being struck. perhaps, by the great if not fatal shock given to the second Empire, not by the manifestoes of Demoeratic Committees, but by the commercial convulsion which started from New-York to encompass the world. It is only to be hoped that he will not stop at this point, but, unbiased by a false pride, will proceed to reform his whole political catechism by the light of economical science. His letter on merces with this vigorous apostrophe to Louis

"The fullness of time approaches; the Imperial tide is visibly rolling back. You too feel it. All the measures you have been enacting, since the 14th of January, in France—all the d plomatic notes and requests you have been, since the fatal day, scattering to the four winds abroad, are be-peaking the restlessness of terror. There is a Macbeth feeling of intense agony preving upon your soil, and betraying itself through all that you say or do. There is at work within a presentiment that summa does of includible fature are impending. The Thane of Gismis, Thane of Cawdor, and King—the Pretender, President and Usurper—are downed. The spell is broken. The conscience of The fullness of time approaches: the Imperial tide and King —the Fretender, Freendert and Usurper-are documed. The spell is broken. The conscience of mankind is aroused: it gazes sternly on you; it can fronts you; it sitts your acts, and calls to account you promises. From this moment, your fate is sealed You may now live months; years you cannot.

Having thus announced the doom of the second Empire, Mazzini e intrasts the present economical state of France with Napoleon's glowing promises of general prosperity:

determined to get into good quarters at Rhithymnes te-day, and as seen the second the rain held up a little.

"You promised, when you nelessfully conquered power, and as an attachment for its origin, that you would rain restricts, perturbed, perturbing France power. It imprauning, gagging, transporting, rain

one? Is the genderion a teacher? Is the spy an aposite of morality and murical trust? You told the Flerch uneducated peasant that a new era was, with your empire, dawning for him, and that the burdens under which he grouns would all, one by one, disappear. Has any disappeared? Can you point out a single amelioration to his fate—a single element of taxation removed? Can you explain how it is that the peasant is now enlicting in the Mariana? Can you deny that the absorption of the funds, once naturally devotes to the agricultural element, into the channels of industrial speciation opened by you, has deprived the laborer of the passibility of fidding advances for the purchase of working implements and the improvement of the kind? You allared the misguided working man by declaring that you would be the Empreur all peutles and for one nodeled Henry IV. and procure to him perennis work, high wages, and in peutle ou pet. Is not be poutle as pot some what dear just new in France? Is not have pet some what dear just new in France? Is not have per some what of the first necessaries of life, still dearer? You have opened new streets—drawn for your strategic, repressive purposes new lines of communication—destroyed and rebuilt. But do the builk of the working classes belong to the benefited building branch (Can you ever dream of making of such a factitious, imperiation, temporary remedy a substitute for regular normal progress, and requited production? Is the demand for production now in a satisfactory state! Are not three-fifths of the cabinet-makers, of the carpenters, of the mechanicians, out of emply yment now in Paris? You whispered to the easily frightened, easily fascicated bourgeoisie fantastic dreams, hopes of a redoubled industrial activity, new sources of profits, El Dorados of stimulated exportation, and international intercourse. Where are they! Stagnation hovers over your French productive life; orders easily fasoicated bourgeoiste lantatic dreams, notes of a redoubled industrial activity, new sources of profits, El Dorados of stimulated exportation, and international intercourse. Where are they? Stagnation hovers over your French productive life; orders to commerce are diminishing; capital is beginning to refrent. You have, like the barbarian, cut the tree to pluck the fruit. You have artificially over-stimulated wild, immoral, ail-promising and never fulfilling speculation; you have, by self-puffing, gigantic, swollen rehemes, attracted the savings of the small capitalists from the four corners of France to Paris, and diverted them from the only true permanent sources of natissal wealth, agriculture, trade and industry. These savings have been engulfed and disappeared in the hands of some dozens of leading speculators; they have been squanlered in boundless supproductive luxuries; or they are quietly and prudently—I might quote members of your family—transferred to safe foreign countries. The half of these schemes have sunk into oblivious nonentity. Some of their inventurs are travelling, as a precautionary measure, in foreign countries. You find yourself before a dissatted bourgeoisie, with all normal resources died up, with the incubus of some five hundred millions of france spent, throughout the principalitowns of France, in unproductive public works, with a deficit of three hundred millions visible in your last budget, with an extensively indebted city of Paris, with no remedy to propose except a new loan of one hundred and sixty minions to be opened—not in your name, it would not succeed—but in the name of the City Council itself, and to meet the burden of interest, a witening of the barriers, therefore, of the hated octroi, to the extent of the outward fortifications. The remedy will weigh heavy on the working class, and embitter against you the hitherto devoted suburbs. Your autincial contrivances are at an end; henceforth, everything you do to meet the financial difficulty of your position, will mar armies lived on conquest; yours cannot. You may dream of conquest; your cannot, do not dare to venture on it. The Roman dictators and your uncle were leading the conquering armies; however fond of git parade uniforms, I doubt your being able to lead a few combined battalions.

From the material prospect of the second Empire. Mazzini turns to the moral, and, of course, is somewhat perplexed in summing up the evidence for the proposition that liberty wears no Bonspartist livery. Liberty, not only in its bodily forms, but in its very soul, its intellectual life, has shriveled at the coarse touch of these resurrectionists of a bygone epoch. Consequently, the representatives of intellectual France, by no means distinguished by too nice a delicacy of political conscience, never failing to gather around every regime, from the Regent to Robespierre-from Louis XIV. to Louis Philippefrom the first Empire to the second Republic-have, for the first time in French history, seceded in mass from an established government.

"From Thiers to Guizot, from Cousin to Villemain, from Michelet to Jean Renaud, intellectual France shrinks from your polluting contact. Your men are Veuil ot, the upholder of the St. Bartholomew and of the Inquisition, Granier de Cassegnac, the patron of negro slavery, and such like. To find a man worth indersing your pamphlet addressed to England, you have to look for one who is an apostate from Legiti-mism, and an apostate from Republicanism."

Mazzini then hits on the true meaning of the affair of the 14th of January by stating that the missiles which missed the Emperor pierced the Empire, and laid bare the hollowness of its boasts: "You beasted to Europe, only a short while ago, that the heart of France was yours, halling you as her savior, calm, happy, undisturbed. A few months have elapsed, a crash has been heard in the rue Lepelletier, and through your wild, alarmed, repr pelletter, and through your wind, alarmed, represented the measures—through your half-threatening, half-timploring appeals to Europe—through your military division of the country, with a saber in the Ministry of the Interior, you declare now, after seven years of unlimited away—with an overwhelming concentrated army—with the national ranks cleared of all the army—with the national ranks creates of the and rule un-dreaded leading men—that you cannot live and rule un-less France is converted into a huge Bastile, and Eu-less France is converted into a huge Bastile, and Eurepe into a mere Imperial police-office. . . . Yes; the Empire has proved a lie. You shaped it, Sir, to your own image. No man, during the last half century, has lied in Europe. Talleyrand excepted, so much as you have; and that is the secret of your temporary

The falsehoods of the savior of society are then recapitulated from 1831, when he joined the insurrectionary movement of the Roman population against the Pope as "a secred cause;" to 1851, a few days before the coup d'etat, when he said to the army, "I shall ask nothing from you beyond my right, recognized by the Constitution;" to the 2d of December itself, the final result of the usurping schemes still pending, when he proclaimed that "his duty was to protect the Republic." Finally, he tells Napoleon roundly that but for England he would have been already conquered by the Revolution. Then, having disposed of Napoleon's claim to have inaugurated the alliance between France and England, he concludes with the words: "You stand now, Sir, whatever selfmouthed, self-disguising diplomacy may say, · alone in Europe."

THE FRENCH EXILES AND LOUIS NA-POLEON.

THE ATTEMPT OF ORSINI AND ITS PROVO-CATION-LETTER TO THE PARLIAMENT

AND THE PRESS. Two revolutions in your country -one of which made oriest the Crown, the other the life of a King-have given you the right to speak freely upon and imposed n you the duty to listen to anything that may be said upon any question in general, and upon the attentat in

Upon that of the 14th of January, its causes, its onsequences, the means of preventing and punishing 's recurrence, &c., you have more or less exercise your right: will you fulfill your duty! You have sp ken: 10w listen, if you please.

We, French refugees, have to a lilress our thanks to some of you, our observations to the others.

For us, the attental is merely the les talianis applied to the man of the coup d'état. The conspirator of Decan ber and of June-the author of the double crime committed at Paris and at Rome-caunct justly con plain of reprisals. Having dared everything tiguilty has everything to fear-private as well as end; justice. The assassination of the people, and the theft of their savereignty-such is his aventar, in Italy as in France—the most serious that could be committed and punished. The usurper has placed himself out of the pule of the law, actor ling to natural law, or, at least, the written law, according to the Constitution he has eworn to and violated according to the decree of the Supreme Court which condemned him, and as a : .-

men to his misdeeds for his outrages against the very cuardiane of the law. According to the letter mo legitimate defense against him, bound them in right and duty to fall upon him, to appose force to force, revolvers to cannons, bombe to builets, grenades to grape shot, infernal machines to the Imperial Guard. What is this Imperial Guard, if not a gigantic infernal machine, with one hundred thousand percussion caps in the hands of a permanent attentat, of a perpetual assassination, and of a crowned conspiracy?

Those who neither know nor understand the question, as the Constitution and the coup detail have so clearly settled it between Bonaparte and us, will louely exclaim against our fearful principes. But it is not we who preach assassination, it is the coup egitimate defense against him, bound them in right

louely exclaim against our fearful principles. But it is not we who preach assassination, it is the coup d'etat that feaches it—it is the Constitution that commands it—the Constitution binding for every one, and especially for him who swore to it. The text of the articles, the sense of the motives, the speeches in the debates see the Moniteur of the timel, all imply and bind every one to the defense of the part by all possible means, by public and private force, legal and extra-legal means, the tribunals and gunpowder.

First, let us see as regards France. Did Bonaparte—yes or no—on December the 20th, 1848, as Precident of the Republic, take, according to article 18 of the Constitution, the following eath!

Before field and the Franch people represented by the Na-

"Before God and the French people represented be the Na-ral Assembly. I swear to be faithful to the Republic, and to full the duties imposed on me by the Constitution." onal Assembly. I swear to be faithful to the Republic, and to dish the duties imposed on me by the Constitution."

Did the Constitution—yes or no—contain the follow-

ing provisions !
Aut. 1. The Sovereignty resides in the universality of the citizens. It is insternable and imprescriptible. Noom can as-

ing provisions:

ART. 1. The Sovereignty resides in the universality of the citizens. It is inaisenable and imprescriptible. No one can assume to himself the exercise of it.

ART. 43. The President is elected for four years only.

ART. 53. Any measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the National Assembly is a order of high treason.

By this role fact, the President forfielts his functions, the citizens are bound to withhold their allegiance, and the executive power devolves by right upon the National Assembly. The President and his accomplexes, and the executive power devolves by right upon the National Assembly on pain of forfeiture, and convoke the Jury to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplexes.

ART. 110. The National Assembly intrusts the care of the greatest Constitution, and of the rights it conscardes, to the guarannehip and particulation of all the citizens.

On the 2d of December, 1801, the President having dissolved the Assembly, did the High Court—yes or no—pass the following verdict?

Parsuant to Art. 63 of the Constitution, the High Court of Jostice dichares Louis Napoleon Bonaparte guilty of the crime of high treason.

Has not Benaparte aftempted upon the Court, the

Has not Benaparte al'empted upon the Court, the Assembly, the law, the people!

Has he not crushed resistance and popular right; assassinated citizens and representatives; arristed, exiled, transported and guillotteed the defenders of the Constitution; compelled the rest to vote by the force of bayonets; and, adding insult to crime, said to fettered France—'I will render thee thy liberty when thou shalt be worthy of it.'

Is all this a table, a tale, a dream' Have we dreamt, invented imagined it, for the sake of our opinions, or our passions, as is alleged in Walewski's note! Is it not a fact, real, recent, parent, public, historical and judicial, undeniable by the very author who bossts of it, a fact crying and bleeding in the memory of all, calling for vengrance to God and man, deserving human as well as Divine punishment, retribation from man as wei as Divine punishment, retribation from every arm and every weapon, yetunpunished because

The audacity and good fortune of crime, the duration of success, the completity of fate, of numbers, of fear, of interest, of the wicked and the weak, the habita slity even of the horrible, will it prevail against right, against conscience, truth and justice? Is crime right when strangers and a second strangers are a second se against conscience, truth and justice? Is crime right when strong—wrong when weak! Ought it to be your eneny at Naples, your ally in France! No; one sole law, one sole right. There is no right against right. A people may submit to, and a Government may recognize, this power de facts, treat with this power—ally itself with this force; but neither alliance, nor visits, nor history and desease, nor fatteries nor lies nor votes. itself with this force; but neither alliance, nor visits, nor letters, nor addresses, nor flatteries, nor lies, nor votes, ner Te Deim, nothing cansanction the right of such power. Nothing in the world can absolve a of nethat is every day renewed. All the ocean, as Macbeth says, will not wash away the blood with which he anointed himself King. There is not a French jury that would not cordemn their master—not an English jury that would acquit their Queen's ally. Policy is no more justice than diplomacy is truth. Before any common court of justice, his garter would rise to his neck. This En peror is san assessin.

court of justice, his garter would rise to his flee a. This En peror is sen assessin.

Second point. Can an assessin be killed,..., if he be an Emperor! A very great question, even as we know a ridiculous one, a question pregnant with pros and cons, according to place and time: an old question like the question of a Supreme Being, long since arrived at maturity; an especially idle question that arose with the first tyrant, and which will be resolved only with the last.

arose with the first tyrant, and which will be resolved only with the last.

Regicide, if regicide there can be with this parcena, is not in this case discussable. The punishment of a crime cannot be an ottentat. Constitutional Kings are reputed inviolable because they have responsible ministers, yet at times they suffer in person. But Presidents who make themselves Emperors, but tyrants, are they also inviolable? Such a one there is of the very worst species, a tyrant in the oldest and most odious acceptation of the word; he who could we'l call London a den of assassins since he has lived there with his gang; he who would have before this died by the ax had he not by the force of crimes risen above it—had he been less wicked, less of an assassin. Let us suppose that a King of Englard, and this has been seen, weary of the advice of his Parliament, of the press, of all the rights in our day fully acquired, should take it into his head, one fine night in December, to make also a coup détat, to outrage in the same way the public liberty, to stiffe it in the blood of the people, to be, in fact, what is called a perfect Emperor, what would the English people do? perfect Emperor, what would the English people do —what they have done before!

We will not longer discuss the right of Regicide. In the ecuntry of Charles I., it would be superfluous. On that question, the sons of those who guillotined a Capet have nothing new to tell the grandsons of the executioners of a Stuart. Generally speaking, this right is not discussed; it is assumed when necessary, and exercised when practicable. What reactionist does not praise Charlotte Corday? What resolutionist would condemn Cromwell? This is a question of fact. Now, in the country of Bacon, the fact suffices. To the disciples of this practical but timid genius; to the worshipers of the god Fact; to the realist phiticians of The Times, and the Government, we will merely say this—the attentat is a fact if not a right. Judicial or summary, rx or grenade, whatever may Capet have nothing new to tell the grandsons of the Judicial or summary, ex or grenade, whatever may be the mode, it happens always under the same conditions, and has its reasons for being. There is no effect without a cause. Those, then, who have the most herror of principles and doctrines, who have the count only of observation and experience, can, without recourse to proofs in us, establish, like us, a series of actual, positive, identical facts, all converging to this rule: that the attent is the partial if not legitimate rule; that the attental is the natural if not legitimate offspring of tyranny, as order is the natural and legiti-mate offspring of liberty; that the expansion is in proportion to the compression in the moral as in the physical world, in our hearts as in grenades; and that the band which shuts the valves is responsible for the

Thus, at the present day in England, where there is liberty of the press, of speech, of Government; where, strictly speaking, there is no political police; where one can think, write, speak, and demand what ought one can think, write, speak, and demand what ought to be obtained, there are no attentats. So it is in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Holland—averywhere, in abort, where there is any degree of liberty. On the contrary, wherever tyranny reigrs, in spite of preventive and repressive laws, of spies and executioners, attentats succeed one another. Thus the Hungarian attempts upon Francis; the Neapolitan upon the Bourbon; the Roman or the Frenchman upon Honaparte. It happens precisely because in France, Italy and Hungary the tribune is called Mazas, and the press Spielberg; because there is neither liberty of writing nor liberty of speech, for any other, not even the liberty of being ellent; because there remains no liberty whatever but that of conspiring. Necessity is law. Insurrection, shear, because there remains no liberty whatever but that of conspiring. Necessity is law. Insurrection, private or public, becomes the first of duties, being the last of rights—the only one that remains to receiver the others, for the reestablishment of order through liberty. No one, then, will make an attempt with gladness of heart. No one kills for the pleasure of killing—not even he. What he does for authority's sake, others do for the sake of liberty. Duty has its passionate lovers, as well as power. Extremes meet: sake, others do for the sake of interty. Duty has its passionate lovers, as well as power. Extremes meet; every poison has its antidote: pure humospathy—vaccine against virus; and, without seeking whether that which is forced is permitted, we find that the attental is a fact forced, fatal, logical, consequently necessary; that execration is due to the came, not to the effect; and that Bonapartes create Pianoris.

Indeed, there is good reason to declaim against as mination; it establishes an abb and flow of blood that implies herror. But yet, those who forget their prin-ciples when it is a question of the blood of the pe-ple, and display them so grandly when the skin of a Prince is at stake: those who have a heart as hard as an oak in presence of the attental of December and as tender as a concess on the 14th of January; those tervous people who cry loudest at this moment against news-matic and the attental, are the strong-est accurers of the Prince, who has not only twice attempted upon the rights and the life of a sovereign people, but who converts the attentar into a system: seasoination into a regime: the coup delat into a Constitution, and who, by his own avoval, caunot reign but by right of force, by the grace of the eater, by reason of silence, by the jail, exist the galleys, and death. His power is a struggle, as he says in his resecution the throne. A struggle 'No, but an armed attempt against rights disarmed; successing to he coat f mail against eigigene without defense, with sol

diere against workmen; with cuirasses against frocks—assessination the most periodices as the most savage, the most accolor: the attendar of the confident, of the servant, of the representative, of the subject against the moster, of the son against the moster.

centry in short, a parricide.

What wonder, then, that right should defend itself as it can against the rebel who attacks it as he

What great misfortune in the fact that his deported and salaried accomplices, five or six of his general d'ormes and his sherre should fall at his side and secure pensions!

Who will believe that those are the infamous and cowards and secure the infamous and cowards.

who will believe that those are the infamous and cowardly who risk their own heads against that of the enemy, who, without hope, devote their lives to the service of right, certain, in any case, to be killedent the spot, should they succeed on the sciffold, should they fail; and that the generous and the brave are those who, for the love of an impossible through and of a treasury, launch troops upon the crowit, armies upon the people, give uptowns and villages to fiame and sword, fire without distinction of age or sex upon men, women, and children: kill by thousands, healsh by thousands, keep France in cospe sember, and damned as the Danaids, and for the space of six years pour the population of Paris into Cayenne?

Who does not see in the words and acts of this assassin of two republies the hatted of all right, the yeke for every people? Imperialism, in a word, unbridled ambition, unlimited despotism, bruist free everywhere and always united with craft, the attental incarnate under every form, the coup delay without limit or froatier, absolutism abroad as at home; the provocation, in short, and the justification of every reverge against him? At home, the all-powerful is not powerful enough: he wishes to be still more so, Since the 2d of December, in revolt and war against the nation, it is becessary for him to govern France, as Africa, with generals. He has said the Empire is peace, but his Ministers are aide-de-camp. He has made of France a China. He has made black night in his heaven of light; extinguished suns and mose; it is still too light—conspirators can see. It is the fault of the stars. He does not understand that the birds of night will see the better for it. No, the press is too free; the elections are too free; the vote is 100 free. There must not be even the exception of two voices, not even the refusal of an oath. The oath to tim!

He decrees the Bonapartiet degme. woices, not even the remain or an oath. Inc oath to im!

He decrees the B mapartist dogma. Infallibility requires unaminity. It is the rowning of the work, the Casarean folly, the divise modess which seizes upon those whose doom is sealed. Ah! the accused will die without remorse, they have touched him.
The same madness abroad as at home. The fits in-

The same madness abroad as at home. The fits increase. The madman wants to be master in your considering as in his own. The independence of a single cople in the welld, as the liberty of a single man in France, effends and threatens him. Listen at this clamor got up by his orders, the insolent word of command repeated by the vile squadren of his scribes, his troopers, his grooms—this hue and cry against England yelled, and for good reason, by the most violent of the pach, by his own brother, if the name of brother can be applied to such a being; by his brother addlerine, that bastard, that boyard, that raical, that recoundrel, who has stolen the title of Excellency, as the elder brother that of Majesty, who has stolen everything, even to his that boyard, that rareal, that recoundrel, who has stolen the title of Excellency, as the elder brother that of Majesty, who has stolen everything, even to his name—half Bonaparte, half Cossack and altogether Greek, President of slaves and possessor of seris, and satisfied with all, M. le Comte de Morry. Listen to the elequence not less trerchant of his other naderling, this other Count of the same breed, this other and faithful accomplice, his worthy Mercury, M. Fislin de Persigny. Listen to the thunders of Jupiter himself. Anger is never prudent. The fisshes and the thunder-boits discover him exactly as we showed him to be in our letter to the Queen. He adds threats to insults. He threatens Osborne with Stattgardt—he threatens the old alliance with a new one. He threatens the old alliance with a new one, He threatens with the camp at Chalons, with the medal, with another visit. The spies go before, the eagles are in waiting, and Chapnis will be Prefect of the Lower Thames. Observe, he commences with the Protestants—these Englishmen of France. Decidedly he will have order reigning in London as in Paris. He wants to warn Punca as he does the Spectateur—he would lay down the law to Parliament as to the Corpe Legislatif—have the pole of Soho like that of the Rue Lepelletier. It is so capitally managed there. And, as he pollutes all he touches, he wants his allies to be his spies.

Will England lower herself to the level of Belgium?

Will England lower herself to the level of Belgium Will England lower herself to the level of Belgiam? Will she accept also a Feyder bill, a law moved at the point of a sword, and reconded by colonels? Will she allow her Constitution to be violated like ours! Have the kisses of the monster turned her mad! Will her contact with crime bear its fruit? Will she send to the hulks her writers and orators—Peel, Russell, Walpole, Derby, Gibson and Roebuck at tacir head, for having instigated, excited, folicited some Brutus to kill Cesar? No.

The threat alone has sufficed to raise public opinion.

There is no one—not—even—The Times—that has not

Cesar? No.

The threat alone has sufficed to raise public opinion. I here is no one—not even The Times—that has not administered a cold shower of ink to the madman. This is well, but would this be all, in case the evil should grow worse? And if, which God forbid, the maniac, emboliened by Palmerston, should attempt his coup, if he occupied the bank with his horder, for the love of Cardinal Wiseman, for the cause of order, of religion, of family, of property, would The Times content itself with writing I it speaks glibly enough new, but we think The Times too English to believe that it could then find its prose sufficient. Strong as it is when free, it would shine but little under censure. The pen would then give place to another weapon, the intellect to the heart. Confers it; The Times itself would be socialit; it would make bullets of its type, and take aim at the beast as Gordon would at the tigers, or Gerard at the lions.

So will do the oppressed who deserve to be free. So protest our brothers the Italians. If, then, the mere threat of oppression arouses the English, why should the Romans submit to the accomplished fact! For,

threat of oppression arouses the English, why should the Romans submit to the accomplished fact? For, finally, third and last point, remark here that the question refers not to us, but to them; let not the French, but the Italians, be considered in this matter. Have they not a right grievatce as we have, and more than we have, against the oppressor? Even when we should not have the right, they would still have it. If on our side there were a doubt, on theirs there is not the shadow of orc. And if we have a right against the tyrant, they have it doubly against the foreign tyrant—against this aggressor, who is not of their country, who has not over them the title of a vote, who oppresses them, not by a national force, but who invades them and enaleves them with foreign soldiers like himself. They have thus two causes for one to defend—their country and their liberty. The Russians, the Spaniards, or the Germans, do not attempt upon the life of Bonaparte. But when the Ercle invaded Germany, Staub defended his country with the poignard. What judge at Berlin would have condemned him? The blood of Staub, like the teeth of Cadmus, gave birth to the army of deliverance. When the Uncle invaded Spain, the Spaniards made war to the knife; the Russians with fire, burning even the wounded; the Dutch with water, drowning to kill. Do not our children call Gessler a murdere? Are they not taught to glorify the hero who punished his war to the knife; the Russians with fire, burning even the wounded; the Dutch with water, drowning to kill. Do not our children call Geesier a murderer? Are they not taught to glorify the here who punished his own hand for having failed against a hostile king! The Bible itself—has it not hallowed the name of Judith! It is the same case. History or legend, books holy or profane, ancient or modern, it is the consenues omnum: every weapon is lawful against an unjust aggression. It is not long since a woman-was justified for taking the right of death against a private invasion of her house, and vet she had the public police to do her justice. Where is the European police against the invarion of Italy! Let Palmerston, who wishes for the evacuation of Roma, obtain it from his ally, and the Romans will attempt no lenger. Until then, laws are useless. Prison or guillotize, they will attack those who attack them, combat those who combat them, kill those who kill them. Between them and Bonaparte there is truly neither regicide nor attentot, not even the right of revolution, but common right, the right of nations. They defend themselves. Bonaparte is not Enpero of the Italians; he is not even King of Rome, this one. The Romans are not his subjects; they have not elected him; they have not his subjects; they have not the right of killing them physically or morally. He is the who has wrested from them a government far more truly founded upon universal suffrage than his own. their enemy; he is at war, open war, with them. It is he who has wrested from them a government far more truly founded upon universal suffrage than his own. It is he who has restored by force Pius IX., excluded temporally, like Charles X. and James II. It is he who imposes on them pope, cardinals, jesuits, inquistors, all the scourges of Italy and humanity—this black pestilence from which England purged herself as from the wolves. Much more: it is he himself who was the first to give the lesson of the coup de jarnacjof the attack by surprise, by treason, without payer. was the first to give the lesson of the coup de jarnac; of the attack by surprise, by treason, without prove-cation, without declaring war, with words of passe and promises of help, landing as a friend, drawing near as an ally, and striking like Judes, thus violating again the Constitution and decrees, which forbade his making war without the consent of the Assembly, and against the liberty of Rome.

Did not the Constitution contain also the articl s 5 ad 54? "The President cannot undertake any war without the consert of the Arsembly." "The Republic never employs her forces against the liberty public never employs her forces against the libery of any people." Did not the Assembly decrea it May, 1848, the emancipation of Itsly: in May, 1849, the return of the expedition to its object, assistance instead of war? It is, in short he who, without faith or law, by the sole right of the strongest or the most faitory, and corrected from with his het always and torous, still occupies Rome with his hattakons batterier. Are not ten thousand muskets and a hun-drei cannon worth four bombs! The Italians are in arrears with bim. It is be, always he, who pressies at the executions from which Rome never cares to cleed. It is he, he only, the chief actor and author o